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THE HISTORICAL
TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.

PRICE, One Shilling and Sixpence.

THE HISTORICAL
TRAGEDY

OF

MR. CECIL

WRITTEN BY
JAMES O. SMITH

THE HISTORICAL
TRAGEDY

O F

MACBETH,

(Written originally by SHAKESPEAR)

Newly adapted to the Stage;

With Alterations, as performed at the Theatre in
EDINBURGH.

N. B. *Whoever shall presume to print or publish this Play, shall be prosecuted to the Extent of the Law, and no Copies are authentick but such as are signed by EDWARD SALMON.*

EDINBURGH,
Printed by W. CHEYNE in the Year M.DCC.LIII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duncan *King of Scotland,*

Malcolm,

Donalbain,

Macbeth,

Banquo,

Macduff, *Governor of Fyfe,*

Rosse,

Lenox,

Angus,

Caithness,

Fleance, *Son to Banquo,*

Seyward, *General of the English Forces,*

Young Seyward, *his Son,*

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth,*

Doctor,

Old Man.

W O M E N.

Lady Macbeth,

Waiting-Woman,

Hecate,

Three speaking Witches,

Several singing Witches.

Ladies and Gentlemen Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Ghosts, &c.

The SCENE lyes all thro' the Play in Scotland,
chiefly at *Macbeth's Castle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an open Place.* [Stage dark.]

It rains, thunders, and lightens. Three Witches rise separately.

1 *Witch.*



HEN shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning, and in rain?

2 *W.* When the hurly-burly's done;
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *W.* That will be ere set of sun:

1 *W.* Where's the place?

2 *W.* Upon the heath.

3 *W.* There we'll go to meet *Macbeth*——

[A shriek heard.]

1 *W.* I come, I come, *Grimalkin*——

2 *W.* *Paddocke* calls——anon;

All. Fair is foul; and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog, and filthy air.

[They vanish.]

A

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Palace at Foris.* [*Stage light.*]

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and attendants, meeting Seyton with his arm in a scarf.

King. What wounded man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the valiant *Seyton*,
Who, like a good and hardy foldier, fought
To save my liberty.—Hail worthy friend!——
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sey. Doubtful long it stood:
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choke their art: The merciless *Macdonald*,
Worthy to be a rebel, (for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-Glasses* was supply'd;
And fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
(Which smok'd with bloody execution)
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
'Till he had fac'd the slave;
Who ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,

Till

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sey. Howe'er, this day-break of our victory
Serv'd but to light us into greater dangers;
For from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to flow,
Discomfort swell'd.—Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark!
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping *Kernes* to trust their heels,
But the *Norwegian* lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Generals
Macbeth and *Banquo*?

Sey. Oh, yes.—

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell—

But I am faint;—my gashes cry for help.—

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Seyton attended.*]

But who comes here?

Mal.

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes?—

Enter Rosse and Angus hastily, who kneel.

Rosse. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From *Fyfe*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself (with numbers terrible)
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal conflict;
'Till that *Bellona's* bride-groom, bold *Macbeth*,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. Now *Sveno*, *Norway's* King, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at *Saint Colmes-hill* isle,
Ten thousand dollars to our General's use.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* shall deceive
Our bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

[*Exit.*]

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* has won. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Heath.* [Stage dark.]

Thunder, &c. the three Witches rise again.

1 *W.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *W.* Killing swine.

3 *W.* Sister, where thou?

1 *W.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap;
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd.——Give
me, quo' I.

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cry'd.——

Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o' th' *Tyger*:

But in a sieve I'll thither fail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do——I'll do——and I'll do.

2 *W.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *W.* Thou art kind.

3 *W.* And I another.

1 *W.* I myself have all the other;——

And the very points they blow;

All the quarters that they know

I' the ship-man's card.——

I'll drein him dry as hay;

Sleep shall neither, night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid;

Weary sev'nights, nine times nine,

Shall

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost;—
 Look, what I have.

2 *W.* Shew me.

3 *W.* Shew me.

1 *W.* Here, I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum heard within.*]

3 *W.* A drum, a drum!—

Macbeth doth come!

All W. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about;

1 *W.* Thrice to thine.

2 *W.* And thrice to thine.

3 *W.* And thrice again to make up nine.

1 *W.* Peace!—the charm's wound up.

A march beat. Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. Command they make a halt upon the heath.—
 So fair and foul a day I have n't seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris*?—What are these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the earth's inhabitants,
 And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying

On

On her skinny lips ;——You should be women ;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret so.——

Macb. Speak, if you can,——What are you ?

1 *W.* All-hail, *Macbeth* ! hail to thee, *Thane of Glamis* !

2 *W.* All-hail, *Macbeth* ! hail to thee, *Thane of Cawdor* !

3 *W.* All-hail, *Macbeth* ! thou shalt be *King* hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start ? and seem to dread
events

That sound so fair ?——I th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical ? or that indeed [To the Witches.]

Which outwardly ye shew ? My noble partner here
You greet with present grace, and strange prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope ;
To me you speak not.——

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not ;
Speak then to me, who neither beg your favour,
Nor fear your hate.

1 *W.* Hail !

2 *W.* Hail !

3 *W.* Hail !

1 *W.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, yet greater.

2 *W.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *W.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou shalt ne'er be
one.

——So all-hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo* !

All W. *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail !

[Going.]

Macb.

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers ; tell me more :
 By *Sinel's* death I know I'm *Thane* of *Glanis* ;
 But how of *Cawdor* ? while that *Thane* yet lives,
 A prosp'rous gentleman ; and, to be King,
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence ? or why,
 Upon this blasted heath, you stop our way
 With such prophetick greeting ? — Speak, I charge you.

[*Exeunt Witches.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has ;
 And these are of 'em. Whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal
 Melted like breath into the wind——
 Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about ?
 Or have we eaten of the insane root,
 That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall yourself be King.——

Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too ! Went it not so ?

Ban. To th' self-same tune and words. Who's here ?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
 The news of thy success ; and when he reads
 Thy pers'nal venture in the rebel's fight,

His

His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine, or his.—Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death ! As thick as hail
Came post on post ; and ev'ry one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd 'em down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal Master, thanks,
Only to herald thee into his sight ;
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor* :
In which addition, hail, most worthy *Thane* !

Ban. What ! can the Devil speak true ? [*Aside.*]

Mach. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives ;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the *Thane* lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage ; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, we know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis! and *Thane* of *Cawdor*!—— [Aside.]

The greatest is behind.——Thanks for your pains.

[To *Angus*.]

Do you not hope your children shall be kings?

[To *Banquo*.]

When those, that gave to me the *Thane* of *Cawdor*,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
As well as *Thane* of *Cawdor*.——'Tis strange:——
But often times, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truth;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence——

Cousins, a word, I pray.—— [To *Rosse* and *Angus*, who
retire with him.]

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill;——cannot be good.——If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth?——I'm *Thane* of *Cawdor*——
If good; why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears

Are

Are less than horrible imaginings.

Fortune methinks, (which rains down honour on me)

Seems to rain blood too.——But these are dreams.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt! [*Aside.*]

Macb. If chance will have me King; why, chance may
crown me

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like new garments, cleave not to their mould, } *Aside.*
But by the aid of use. }

Macb. Come what come may;
Patience and time run through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we wait upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: My dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd, where every day I turn

The leaf to read them. Let us tow'rd the King——

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more
time,

(The *interim* having weigh'd it) we will impart } *Aside.*

Our mutual judgments to each other's breasts. }

Ban. Very gladly. }

Macb. 'Till then enough——Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *the Palace.* [*Stage light.*]

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Macduff, Lenox, *and*
attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Carwbor* yet?

Mal. My liege, your officers
Are not come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and sent forth
A deep repentance ; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he own'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There is no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, *and* Angus, *who kneel.*

O worthiest cousin !

The sin of my ingratitude, e'en now,
Lies heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest Wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,

That

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I've left to say,
More is thy due, even more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties ; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants ;
Which do but what they should, in doing ev'ry thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither ;
We have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To advance thy growth——And noble *Banquo*, too,
Thou hast no less deserv'd ; let me enfold,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There (if I grow)
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.——Sons, kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland* : which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only ;
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.——Hence to *Inverness*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb.

Macb. The rest is labour, Sir, which is n't us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make glad
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*!—that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,—
For in my way it lyes.—Stars! hide your fires!
Let no light see my black and deep desires;
Eye! wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[Exit.]

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendation I am fed,
It is a banquet to me.—Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
Oh! he's a peerless kinsman.— [Exeunt.]

SCENE *an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Letter.

La. M. THEY met me on the day of success; and I have
learn'd, by the perfectest report, that they have more
than mortal knowledge in 'em. When I burnt in desire to que-
stion them further, they vanish'd into air: While I stood rapt in
wonder at it, came missives from the King, who all hail'd me
Thane

Thane of Cawdor; by which title the weïrd sisters had before saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, King that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*——and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.——Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise, with the valour of my tongue,
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To crown thee with.

Enter Messenger.

What's your tidings?

Mes. The king comes here to-night.

La. M. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true; our *Thane* is coming.

One

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
 Who (almost dead for breath) could scarce make up
 Enough t' unfold his message.

La. M. Give him tending;

He brings great news.——

[*Exit Mes.*]

There's musick in the raven's voice,
 That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
 Under my battlements.——Come, all ye spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
 Fill me, from crown to th' toe, topful
 Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood;
 Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose.——Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, ye murd'ring ministers!
 Where'er in sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief——And thou, thick night!—
 Come, pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, Hold——! hold!——

Enter Macbeth hastily.

Great *Glamis*!——worthy *Cawdor*!——[*Embracing him.*]

Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

Th' ignorant present time, and I feel now

The

The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love ! —

Duncan comes here to-night.

La. M. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

La. M. O never,

Never shall sun that morrow see ! —

Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He, that's coming,
Must be provided for ; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sov'reign sway and masterdom. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *before Macbeth's castle-gate.*

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Macduff, Lenox, Rosse, Angus, and attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd masonry, that heav'n's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frize,

Buttrice, or coigne of 'vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
 The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see ! our honour'd hostess !——
 The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
 How you shou'd bid *God-eyld* us for your pains,
 And thank us for your trouble.

La. M. All our service
 (In every point twice done, and then done double)
 Were poor and barren gratitude for those
 Deep honours wherewith your majesty does load
 Our house.——For dignities of old and later date,
 We rest your humble debtors.

King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor* ?
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor : but he rides well,
 And his great love (sharp as his spur) hath help'd him
 Home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guests to-night.

La. M. Your servants ever
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
 To make their audit at your highness pleasure;
 Still to return your own.

King.

King. Give me your hand,
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our affection to him:
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt into the castle.]

SCENE *an apartment in the castle.*

Enter Macbeth musing.

Macb. If it were *done* when done, then 'twere well
'Twere done quickly: If th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease success, that but this blow
Might be the *be-all* and the *end-all here*,
Ev'n *here*, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come——But, in these cases,
We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which (being taught) recoil
To plague th' inventor. Even-handed justice
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.—He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this *Duncan*
Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues

Will

Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deep damnation of his taking off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe
 Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubim hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on th' other—Who's there?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. M. 'Tis I.

Macb. How now? What news?

La. M. He's almost supp'd; why have you left the
 chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

La. M. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time

Such

Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' th' adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

La. M. What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And (to be more than what you were) you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then cohere, and yet you'd make 'em both:
They've made themselves, and this their fitness now
Does unmake you.—I have giv'n suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dash'd its brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail!——

La. M. How fail!
Raife but your courage to the proper pitch,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Where to

(Whereto his hard day's journey soundly will
 Invite him) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so evince,
 That memory (the warder of the brain)
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only; then when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lye, (as in a death)
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 Th' unguarded *Duncan*? What not impose upon
 His spongy officers, who shall bear all the guilt——

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
 For thy undaunted spirit should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood the sleepy grooms,
 And us'd their very daggers, that they have don't?

La. M. Who dares receive it other? especially
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
 Upon his death:

Macb. I'm settled; and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT II.

SCENE a hall. [Stage dark.]

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a candle.

Banquo.



OW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down, Sir; and
I've not heard the clock.

Ban. Then she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. A heavy summons lyes like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep——Who's there?

Enter Macbeth and a servant with a candle.

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed:
He's been to-night in most unusual pleasure,
And sent great largesse to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the obliging name of most kind hostess.

Macb. Being unprepar'd, Sir,
Our wills became the servants to defect,

Which

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dream'd last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have shewn some truth.

Macb. I think not of 'em :

Yet, when you have a vacant hour or two,

We'll spend it in some words upon that business.

Ban. At your best leisure, Sir.

Macb. If, (when the prophecy begins to work)

You will adhere to me, it shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it,

I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. A good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, Sir ; the like to you.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

Macb. Go, bid your mistress, when she is undrest,

To strike the closet-bell, and I'll to bed. [*Exit servant.*]

——Is this a dagger which I see before me ?

The hilt draws tow'rd my hand——Come, let me clutch thee.——

I have thee not,——and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision ! sensible

To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind ? a false creation

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?——

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw——

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was about to use—
My eyes are made the fools o'th'other senses,
Or else worth all the rest——I see thee still ;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
That were not so before.——There's no such thing.——

It is the bloody business which thus informs
My eye-sight——Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* off'rings, and wither'd murder,
Alarm'd by his night-centinel, the wolf,
(Whose howl 's his watch) thus with stealthy pace,
And *Tarquin's* ravishing strides, tow'rds his design
Moves like a ghost——Thou found and firm-set earth
Hear not my steps, feel not my tread, for fear
Thy very stones shou'd check my purpose,
And take the present horror from the time,
That now suits with it.——

[*A bell rings.*]

Hark——the bell invites me——

Hear it not, *Duncan*, for 'tis a knell

That summons thee to heav'n, or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. M. That which hath made them drunk hath made
me bold :

D

What

What hath quench'd them hath giv'n me fire. Hark!—
peace!—

'T was the owl that shriek'd! that fatal bell-man
That gives the stern'st good-night—He is about it—
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their
possets so,

That death and nature do contend within 'em
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within*] Who's there? What, ho! —

La. M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd
And 'tis n't done; th' attempt and not the deed
Wou'd ruin us. Hark!—I laid the daggers ready;
He could n't miss 'em——Had he not resembled
My father, as he slept, I had done 't——My husband!

Enter Macbeth disorder'd and bloody, with a dagger in each hand.

Macb. I've done the deed—Didst thou not hear a noise?

La. M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did n't you speak?

Macb. When?

La. M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

La. M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!——Who lyes i'th'second chamber?

La. M. Donalbain.

Macb. [*Looking on his hands.*] This is a sorry sight!

Macb.

La. M. A foolish thought to say A sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd murder!

They wak'd each other ; and I stood and heard them ;
But they did say their prayers, and addrest
Themselves to sleep again.

La. M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God blefs us ! and Amen the other !
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Silenc'd with fear, I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God blefs us.

La. M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen ?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

La. M. These deeds must n't be thought of thus ;
If so, 'twill make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more !
Macbeth doth murder sleep ; the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, fore labour 's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast——

La. M. What mean you ?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the house ;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more ; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more !

La.

La. M. Who was it that thus cry'd ? Why, worthy *Thane*,
 Do you unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brain-sickly of things ? Go, get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hands.——
 Why did you bring the daggers from their place ?
 They must lye there. Go, carry 'em, and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood——

Macb. I'll go no more ;
 I am afraid to think what I have done ;
 Look on't again I dare not.

La. M. Infirm of purpose !
 Give me the daggers ; the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures ; and 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.*]

[*Knocking heard within.*]

Macb. [*Starts.*] Whence is that knocking ?——
 How is it with me, when ev'ry noise appals me ?——
 What hands are here ? Will all great *Neptune's* ocean
 Wash these stains away ?——

[*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*]

No, these will rather
 The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
 Making the green one red——

La. M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white.—[*Knock.*] I hear a knocking

At

At the fourth entry. Retire we to our chamber ;
 A little water clears us of this deed——
 Your fears have quite unmann'd you—— [Knock.]
 Hark, more knocking!
 Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call,
 And shew us to be watchers ; be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts—— [Exit.]

[Macbeth going, by mistake, towards Duncan's chamber,
 starts back.]

Macb. Disguis'd in blood—I scarce can find my way—
 [Hard knocking.]

Wake, Duncan, with this knocking. Wou'd thou cou'dst !
 [Exit on the other side.]

SCENE a hall.

Enter Lenox, who knocks at the chamber-door several times
 pretty hard, then a servant opens it.

Len. You sleep soundly here, that so much knocking
 Scarce can wake you.

Serv. Labour by day, Sir, causes rest by night.

Len. Is your master stirring ?

Serv. Not yet, Sir, but he'll scarce lye late; he's of an
 active spirit, that never suffers his body to lye still when
 once his mind is up.

Len. Well, say I wait his leisure.

Serv. I will, Sir.

Exit

Exit servant, and enter Macduff.

Macd. Good-morrow, Sir.

Len. The like to you, my lord.—Have you observ'd
How great a mist does now possess the air?

Macd. I have; and scarce can separate the day from night.

Len. Oh! here's our host. Good-morrow, noble *Thane*.

Enter Macbeth in his night-gown.

Macb. Good-morning to you both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, Sir?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I've almost slip'd the hour.

Macb. I'll shew you to him.—

This is the entrance, Sir.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, being my limited service.
[*Exit Macduff.*]

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night's been very unruly; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night indeed.

Len. So rough, my young remembrance cannot form a
parallel.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!

No heart can e'er conceive, nor tongue can utter.—

Macb.

Macb. and *Len.* What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece;
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole from thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you say? The life!— —

Len. Mean you his Majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*.——Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macb. and Len.*]
Awake! awake!

Ring out the alarum-bell——Murder and treason!

Banquo and *Donalbain*! *Malcom*! awake!

Shake off your downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself——Up, up, and see!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror!——

Bell rings, and enter Banquo.

O *Banquo*, *Banquo*!

Our royal master's murder'd.

Ban. Murder'd!

Macduff, I pry'thee contradict thyself,
And say it is not true.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I'd liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,

There's

There's nothing serious in mortality :

All are but toys! renown and grace are dead. [*Weeps.*]

Enter Malcolm, Donalbain, Ross, Angus, &c.

Mal. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't :

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stop'd; the very source of it is stop'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. By whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seems, have done 't;
Their hands and faces were all stain'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows.

Macb. O, now I do repent me of my fury,
That I so rashly kill'd 'em.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser, reason.—Here lay *Duncan*;

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and, in that heart,

Courage

Courage to make 's love known ?

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush and seize us ? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Aside.

Ban. This place, alas ! 's too publick for our grief ;
But, when we have our naked frailties hid,
(That suffer in exposure) let 's meet,
And question this most bloody work,
To know it farther——Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' hall together.

All. Well-contented.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Mal-
colm and Donalbain.*]

Mal. What will you do ? let's not consort with 'em :
To shew an unfelt sorrow is an office
False men do easy. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland*, I : Our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer ; where we are
There are daggers in mens smiles.

E

Mal.

Mal. This murderous shaft, that's shot,
 Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,
 And use no ceremony in taking leave ;
 But shift away ; there's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter several singing Witches. [Stage dark.]

1 *W.* Speak, sister, speak—Is the deed done ?

2 *W.* Long ago, long ago,
 Above twelve glasses since have run.

3 *W.* Ill deeds are seldom flow,
 Or single, but following crimes on former wait ;
 The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

4 *W.* Many more murders must this one ensue,
 Dread horrors still abound,
 And ev'ry place surround,
 As if in death were found
 Propagation too.

1 *W.* He must !

2 *W.* He shall !

3 *W.* He will spill much more blood,
 And become worse to make his title good.

Chor. He will, he will, he shall spill much more blood,
 And become worse to make his title good.

4 *W.*

4 *W.* When cattle die about, about we go ;

What then, when monarchs perish, shou'd we do?

Chor. Rejoice——we shou'd rejoice.

3 *W.* When winds and waves are warring,

Earthquakes the mountains tearing,

And monarchs die despairing,

What shou'd we do ?——

Chor. Rejoice——we shou'd rejoyce.

1 *W.* Now let 's dance.

2 *W.* Agreed.

3 *W.* Agreed.

All. Agreed.

I.

1 *W.* Let 's have a dance upon the heath,

We gain more life by *Duncan's* death.

Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,

Having no musick but our mew,

To which we dance in some old mill,

Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel ;

To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,

Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

II.

2 *W.* Sometimes about a hollow tree,

Around, around, around dance we ;

Thither

Thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum :
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furs,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs ;
And when with none of these we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.

Chor. We dance to the echoes of our feet.

3 W. At the night-raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To the echoes from a hollow hill.

Chor. And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To the echoes from a hollow hill.

1 W. He must !

2 W. He shall !

3 W. He will spill much more blood,
And become worse to make his title good.

Chor. He will, he will, he shall spill much more blood,
And become worse to make his title good.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE outside of Macbeth's castle. [Stage light.]

Enter Rosse with an old man.

Old Man.



Hreescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I've
seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but
this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Oh! good father,
Thou seest the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody stage: By th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural;
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tuesday* last
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse.

Rosse. And *Duncan's* horses, (a thing most strange and certain!)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so, to the amazement of these eyes,
That saw 'em. —Here comes the good *Macduff*.—

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. It is suppos'd they were fuborn'd.

Malcolm and *Donalbain*, the King's two sons,
Are stolen away from court, which puts on them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;
Thriftless ambition! that will ravin up
Thine own life's means——Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*!

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be invested.

Rosse.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body ?

Macd. Carried to *Colmes-hill*,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone* with me ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to *Fyfe*.

Rosse. Then I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,
(Adieu.)

Lest our old robes fit easier than our new !

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE *an apartment in the palace.*

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now ; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis* ;

All the three sisters promis'd ; and I fear

Thou play'dst most foully for it : yet 't was said

It should not stand in thy posterity,

But that myself should be the root and father

Of many kings. If there come truth from them,

(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine)

Why, by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my oracles as well ?—

But, hush, he comes.

Enter Macbeth as King, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, &c.

Macb. Here's our chief guest ;

If he had been forgotten,

'T had

'T had made a gap in our great feast,
 And all things unbecoming——
 To night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
 And shall request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
 Command upon me, to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tye
 For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We else should have desir'd
 Your good advice (which still hath been both grave
 And prosperous) in this day's council ; but
 We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
 'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
 I must become a borrower of the night
 For a dark hour or two.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. Goes *Fleance* with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot.

[*Exit Banquo.*]

Let ev'ry man be master of his time
 'Till seven at night; to make society
 The sweeter welcome, we'll keep ourself

'Till

'Till supper time alone. Farewel.

[*Exeunt lords.*]

Manent Macbeth and servant.

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men

Our pleasure?

Serv. They do, my lord:

Macb. Where are they?

Ser. Without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring 'em before us.—

[*Exit servant.*]

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in *Banquo*

Stick deep; for in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be fear'd. He chid the sisters

When first they put the name of king on me,

And bade 'em speak to him; then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd by an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If so,

For *Banquo's* issue have I stain'd my soul,

For them the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd,

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,

And mine eternal jewel

Giv'n to the common enemy of man, only

To make them kings;—the seed of *Banquo* kings.—No;

Rather than that, come fate into the list,

F

And

And champion me to th' utterance !——

Enter servant and two murderers.

Go to the door ; and stay there 'till we call.

[*Exit servant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then ;

Have you consider'd of my speech ?

And is it known to you that 't was *Banquo* who
(In *Duncan's* reign) held you so much in slav'ry ?

1 *Mur.* Most true ; you made it known, my liege.

Macb. Then do you find your patience so predominant,
That you can tamely pass it by ?

Are you so gospel'd as to pray for this good man,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd you for ever ?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, grayhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Are call'd by th' name of dogs ; the valued file it is
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath bestow'd ; and so it is with men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say it :

And

And I will put such business in your hands,
As th' execution takes your enemy off;
And will endear you to the love of us.

1 *Mur.* For my part, my liege, I am one
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the age
Have so incens'd, I care not what I do
To spite the world.

2 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid of 't.

Macb. You both are satisfy'd, you say, that
Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. We are my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and though I could,
With bare-fac'd power, sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord, with readiness
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Ev'n though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour,
at most,

I will

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
 For 't must be done to night, at some small distance
 From the palace; and——hark ye——with him,
 (To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)

Fleance—his son,—

(Whose absence is no less material to me)
 Must embrace the fate of that dark hour.

Resolve yourselves apart.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight then—Abide within.

[*Exeunt murderers.*]

It is concluded.—*Banquo*, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. M. How now, my lord, why do you keep alone,
 Making the forriest fancies your companions?
 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
 With them they think on? Things without remedy
 Should be without regard. What's done, is done.

Macb.—We have but scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it—
 She'll close and be herself; whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.—
 But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams
 That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,

(Whom

(Whom we to gain the crown have sent to peace)
 Than, on the torture of the mind to lye
 In restless agony——*Duncan* is in his grave ;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
 Treason has done its worst , nor steel nor poison,
 Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
 Can touch him further !

La. M. Come on then,
 Good my lord, fleck o'er your rugged looks ;
 Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :
 —Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*.
 Present him eminence both with eye and tongue. ——
 In how unsafe a posture is our honour,
 That we must gild each wily deed with flatt'ry,
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts ?

La. M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
 Thou know'st that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.

La. M. But in 'em nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. That's comfort yet ;
 Then be thou jocund ; for ere the batt hath flown
 His cloyster'd flight, and to black *Hecat*'s summons
 The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note !

La. M. What's to be done ?

Macb.

Macb. Be innocent of knowing it, my dear,
 'Till thou applaud the deed——Come, feeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
 Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
 While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.——
 Thou marvell'st at my words; but wonder still:
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *an avenue to the palace.*

Enter three murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who bade thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* O, he needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
 Our offices so true.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

2 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*]——Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* 'Tis he; the rest are in the court already——
 See! a light.

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a torch.

1 *Mur.* Stand close.——

Ban.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

Fle. Then let us haste, Sir, to the palace.

Ban. Our haste concerns us more than being wet,
Ere this the king expects me at his feast,
Therefore, good boy, speed on. [*Exeunt Ban. and Fle.*]

1 *Mur.* Come, now let's follow and dispatch 'em
straight.

2 *Mur.* Ay, ay; away, away, away. [*Exeunt murderers.*]

[*A noise heard of swords clashing, murder cried, then Fleance runs across the stage pursued by one of the murderers.*]

Fle. Help! murder! help! help! my father's kill'd!
[*They run off.*]

SCENE *a chamber of state, with a banquet prepared,*
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, lords and attendants
standing at the table.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
And first and last, a hearty welcome.

Len. Thanks to your majesty. [*They sit.*]

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host besides:
Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time
We shall require her welcome too.

La. M. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks 'em welcome.

Macb. Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
Round

Round the table ——— There's blood upon thy face,

[To the 1st murderer aside at the door.]

1 *Mur.* 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. Is he dispatch'd?

I Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he is good
That did the like for *Fleance*.

1 *Mur.* Most royal Sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I'd else been perfect,

Whole as the marble ; founded as the rock ;

As broad and general as the casing air:

But now I'm cabb'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts and fears.—But *Banquo*'s safe?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he lyes,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that ;

There the grown serpent lyes: The worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone now,
To-morrow we'll hear further. [Exit murderer]

[Exit murderer.]

La. M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer ; that feast is cold

Which is not often vouch'd while it is making ;

'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home,

From

From thence the sawce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present!
Whom we may rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance.

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise.

[*The ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in one of the chairs.*]
Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. Yes, I'll sit down—[*Starts.*] The table's full.—

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.
What is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Len. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say I did it; never shake
Thy goary locks at me.—

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is n't well.

La. M. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus;
And hath been from his youth:

The fit is momentary ; on a thought
 He will be well again. If much you note him
 You'll extend his passion : Feed and regard him not.

[Rises and goes to Macbeth.]

Are you a man ?

[Aside to him.]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one ; that dare look on that,
 Which might appall the devil.

La. M. O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear ;
 This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,
 Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flaws and starts
 (Impostures to true fear) would well become
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam.—

Why do you stare thus ? When all 's done
 You look but on a chair.

} *Aside.*

Macb. Prythee, see there !

[Points at the ghost.]

Behold !—look !—lo !—

[Ghost nods.]

How say you ?

Why, what care I ! If thou canst nod, speak too :
 If charnel-houses and our graves must send
 Those that we bury back, our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites.—

[Ghost sinks.]

La. M. What, quite unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him—

La. M. Oh, fie for shame !

} *Aside.*

[Goes to her place and sits down.]

Macb.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' oldest time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been committed
Too terrible for th' ear. The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And then lye still; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
To push us from our seats.—

La. M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, give me some wine here!
So—I drink to th' gen'ral joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miss:
Would he were here! To him, and all we thirst.
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[*The ghost rises at his feet.*]

Macb. [*Going to drink, drops the glass.*]

Avaunt, and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation now in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with thus.— [*The lords rise.*]

La. M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other,

Only

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrceanian* tyger ;

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble: Or be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword,

If trembling I inhibit, then protest me

The baby of a girl.—Hence, horrid shadow !—

Unreal mock'ry, hence !—

[*Exit ghost.*]

So—being gone, I am a man again.

La. M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the glad
meeting

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,

And overcome us (like a summer's cloud)

Without our special wonder ? You make me strange,

Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord ?

La. M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
worse ;

Question enrages him : At once, good-night.—

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once,

Len.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

La. M. A kind good-night to all. [Exeunt lords.]

Macb. It will have blood; they say; blood will have
blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, well read in languages of birds,
By magpyes, rooks, and daws, reveal'd the secret
Murd'rer—How goes the night?

La. M. Almost at odds with morning.

Macb. 'Tis strange *Macduff* should fail his presence!

La. M. Did you then send to him?

Macb. I did—But I will send again.

There's not a *Thane* among 'em, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will again to-morrow
To the weird sisters:

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst that can befall:
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as bad as to go on.

La. M. Try but to rest, my lord; you lack the season
Of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Well, I'll in
And try if (sleeping) I repose can have,
When the dead rise, and want it in the grave. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the open heath.* [Stage dark.]

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches meeting Hecate.

1 *W.* Why, how now *Hecate!* you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are?

Sawcy and overbold! How did you dare

To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*

In riddles, and affairs of death,

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or shew the glory of our art?

And (what is worse) all you have done

Has been-but for a wayward son,

Scornful and thankless, who (as others do)

Loves for his own ends, not for you:

But make amends now. Get you gone,

And at the pit of *Acheron*

Meet me i' th' morning; thither he

Will come to know his destiny:

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms, and ev'ry thing beside:

Dire business must be wrought ere noon!

For on a corner of the moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

And

And that (distill'd) by magick flights
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.—

Spirit in the clouds calls.

Spi. *Heckat, Heckat*,—come away! come away!

Hec. Hark,—hark,—I'm call'd;
My little merry airy spirit, fee, fee,
Sits in yon foggy cloud, and waits for me.

Spi. *Heckat, Heckat*, come away, come away!

Hec. I come, I come, I come
With all the speed I may:—
Where's *Puckle*?

Spi. Here.

Hec. Where's *Stradling*?

Spi. Here.

And *Hopper* too, and *Hellway* too;
We want but you, we want but you.

3 *Vci.* Come away, come away, make up the account.

Hec. With new fall'n dew
From church-yard yew
I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.

[*A cloud descends, and Hecate (after the ceremony of be-
ing anointed) gets into it.*]

Now I'm furnish'd for my flight,
Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.

O what

O what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail in the air
When the moon shines fair,
To sing, to dance, to toy and kiss.
Over woods, high rocks and mountains,
Over hills and misty fountains,
Over steeples, tow'rs and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

Chor. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

[*Hecate ascends, and exeunt Witches.*]

A C T

A C T IV.

SCENE *a cave.* [*Stage dark.*]

At the entrance a cauldron burning, with three Witches round it.

1 *Witch.*

O milk-maid yet hath been bedew'd.

2 *W.* But thrice the brinded cat hath
mew'd.

3 *W.* Twice and once the hedge-pig
whin'd,

Shutting his eyes against the wind.

1 *W.* Up hollow oaks now emmets climb.

2 *W.* And *Hecate* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.—

3 *W.* Then round about the cauldron go,

And poison'd entrails in it throw.

[*They march round the cauldron, then prepare to throw in the
several ingredients for their charm.*]

1 *W.* Toad (that under mossy stone,

Days and nights has, thirty one,

Swelter'd venom sleeping got)

Boil first in the enchanted pot.

All. [*Marching round, and stirring it.*]

Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

H

2 *W.*



2 *W.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the cauldron boil and bake ;
 Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
 A lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
 For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
 Shall (like a hell-broth) boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *W.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 A witch's mummy, maw and gulf
 Of cormorant, and the sea-shark,
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' th' dark,
 Liver of blaspheming *Jew*.

All W. (*Stirring it.*) -Hoo-oo-oo-

3 *W.* Gall of goat, and slips of yew
 Pluck'd when the moon was in eclipse,
 With a *Turk's* nose, and *Tartar's* lips,
 Finger of a strangled babe
 Born of a ditch-deliver'd drab ;
 Shall make the gruel thick and slab.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 *W.* I'll cool it with a baboon's blood,
 And then the charm is firm and good.

Enter

Enter Hecate and all the singing Witches.

Hec. Oh ! well done ! well done ! I commend your pains ;

And ev'ry one shall share the gains :

Come, now about the cauldron sing,

(Like elves and fairies in a ring)

Inchanting all that you put in.

1 *singing W.* Black spirits and white.

2 *singing W.* ————— Red spirits and gray.

Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

Chor. Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

1 *singing W.* Tiffin, Tiffin,

Keep it stiff in.

2 *singing W.* Fire drake Pucky

Make it lucky.

3 *singing W.* Liard Robin

You must bob in.

Chor. Around, around, around, around about,

All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1 *singing W.* Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. O, put in that, put in that.

2 *singing W.* Here's lizard's brain.

Hec. Put in a grain.

3 *singing W.* Here's juice of toad.

1 *singing W.* Here's oyl of adder,

That will make the charm grow madder.

Hec.

Hec. Put in all these, 'twill raise the stench—
² *singing W.* Here—here's three ounces of a red-hair'd wench.

All W. (*Stirring it.*)—Hoo—oo—oo—

Chor. Around, around, around, around about,
 All ill come running in, all good keep out.

Hec. I, by the pricking of my thumbs,
 Know something wicked this way comes ;—

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, ye secret, black and midnight hags !
 What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
 Tho' you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches ; though the yeasty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up ;
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations, though the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 Ev'n till destruction sicken, answer
 To what I ask you.

¹ *W.* Speak—

² *W.* Pronounce.

³ *W.*

3 *W.* Demand.

All 3. We'll answer thee.

Hec. Say, hadst thou rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

Hec. Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murd'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high, come low,
Thyself and office deftly show.

[*Thunder, &c. then the apparition of an armed head rises.*]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power—

Hec. He knows thy thought,
Hear thou his speech, but say thou nought.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!* beware *Macduff*.
Beware the *Thane of Fyfe*—dismiss me—enough.—

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy kind caution, thanks;
Thou 'st harp'd my fear aright.—But one word more.—

Hec. He will not be commanded.

[*That apparition sinks, and another of a bloody head rises.*]

Here, here's another more potent than the first.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!*

Macb. Had I three ears I'd hear thee.—

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*.

[*Sinks.*]

Macb.

Macb. Then live, *Macduff*. What need I fear of thee?—
 But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of fate: Thou shalt not live,
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies;
 And sleep in spite of thunder.—

[*An apparition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises.*]

What's this, that rises like the issue of a king?
 And wears upon his baby brow the round
 And top of sovereignty?

Hec. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:

Macbeth shall like a happy monarch reign,
 'Till *Birnam* forest come to *Dunfinane*.

[*Sinks.*]

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impress the forest? make the tree
 Unfix its earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!—
 Yet my heart throbs to know one thing; tell me,
 (If your art can reach so far) shall *Banquo's* issue
 Ever reign o'er this kingdom?

All. Enquire no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied.—Deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you.—

[*The cauldron sinks, and discordant musick is heard.*]

Let me know,

Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

1 *W.* Appear!

2 *W.* Appear!

3 *W.* Appear!

Hec. Wound thro' his eyes his harden'd heart,

Like shadows come, and so depart.

[*The apparitions of eight kings pass over the stage, after them Fleance, and Banquo with a looking-glass in his hand.*]

Macb. That crown offends my eye-balls—Begone—

But look, another comes too like the first—

A third resembles both.—Ye filthy hags!

Why do you shew me this?—A fourth!—Start eye!—

A fifth! Will they succeed each other

'Till doomsday?—

Another yet?—A seventh! I'll see no more—

And yet the eighth appears.—Horrid sight!

Ha! the bloody *Banquo*! who smiles upon me,

And, by his pointing at 'em, seems to say,

That they are all successors of his race.—

Hec. Ay, Sir, all this is so: But why

Macbeth stand'st thou amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer up his heart,

And shew the pleasures of our art;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antick round.

[*They dance and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious
hour

Stand

Stand accurs'd to all eternity—

Without there !

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Sey. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Sey. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them ! Just now I heard
The galloping of horse ; who was 't came by ?

Sey. A messenger, my lord, that brought you word
Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. To *England* ?

Sey. Ay, my good lord,
To *Edward*'s court ; where *Malcolm* is receiv'd
With warmest grace, and promise of assistance.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it : But, from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And ev'n now
(To crown my thought with act) his castle I'll surprise,
Seize upon *Fyfe*, give to the sword his wife,
His babes, and all that trace
Him in his line.—No boasting like a fool ;
This deed I'll do before my purpose cool.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *Birnam-wood.* [*Stage light.*]

Enter Macduff and Malcolm.

Macd. In these close shades of *Birnam* wood

Let's empty our sad bosoms.

Mal. You'll think my fortune desperate, to meet
You here upon your earliest summons.

Macd. Mine! 'Tis your country's summons,
Whose ceaseless tyranny demands your sword,
And rouses you to arms.—Each day
New widows mourn, new orphans cry,
And still fresh sorrows reach attentive heav'n.

Mal. This tyrant (whose foul name blisters our tongues)
Was once thought honest—You lov'd him well:
Nor has he wrong'd you yet.—

Macd. Do you suspect me, Sir? I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.—I crave your pardon, Sir;
But many a good and virtuous nature
Has recoil'd in an imperial charge.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poor country!—Great tyranny
Lay thy foundation sure. Villains are safe
When good men are suspected—Fare thee well
Young Prince! I wou'd n't be that traitor
Which thou thinkst me, for the whole space within
The tyrant's grasp, and the rich *East* to boot.

Mal. Be not offended, Sir; I speak not in

An absolute mistrust. I know our country
Sinks beneath the yoke, and each new day
A gash is added to her wounds. I likewise know
That many hands would in my cause be active.
But what avails all this? When I am King,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword; ev'n then my country
Will endure more than what it suffers now.

Macd. It cannot be.

Mal. In truth it will—I find my nature so
Inclined to vice, that foul *Macbeth* (when I
Shall rule) will seem as white as snow; had I
But power to gratify my will, there'd be no depth,
No bounds to my ill appetite.—If such
A one be fit to govern, speak!

Macd. Govern! No, nor live—Oh, *Scotland! Scotland!*
When wilt thou see thy ancient peace again?
Since now the truest issue of thy King
Disclaims his virtue to avoid the throne.
Your royal father was a saint-like king,
The queen that bore you, oftner on her knees
Than on her feet, died ev'ry day she liv'd!
Fare thee well; these evils thou repeat'st upon
Thyself have banish'd me from *Scotland*:
All hope ends here.

Mal. Stay, brave *Macduff*; this noble passion
(Offspring of thy loyalty) hath from my soul

Wip'd

Wip'd all black scruples, and reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy fair truth and honour. And tho' *Macbeth*,
By many of his wiles hath fought to win me,
Yet wisdom always check'd o'er-credulous haste.—
But now I yield myself to thy direction,
And here abjure my former accusation:
What I am truly is thine, and my poor
Country's to command. Come, cheer thy drooping
Spirits—the gracious *Edward* hath lent
Us *Seyward*, with ten thousand men—
Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile!—But who comes here?

Mal. My countryman, tho' yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome.

Mal. I know him now: Kind heav'n remove
The cause that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, *Amen*.

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air
Pass unregarded, where violent sorrow seems

A mo-

A modern extasie : The dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom : And good mens lives
Expire before the flow'rs in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What's the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why,—well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. —Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has n't batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were all at peace when I did leave
'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : How goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
The which, to my belief, was witness'd rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot ;
Now is the time for help ; your eye in *Scotland*, Sir,
Wou'd create soldiers, and make women fight.

Mal. Be it their comfort then
We're coming thither : Gracious *England* hath
Lent us *Seyward* and ten thousand men ;

An older and a better soldier is none

That christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like ! But I have words

That should be howl'd out i' th' desert air,

Where hearing could not catch 'em.

Macd. What concern they ?

The gen'ral cause ? or is 't a grief

Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,

But in it shares some woe ; tho' the main part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,

Which shall possess 'em with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. At once I guess, and am afraid to know—

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd ; your wife and babes

Savagely slaughter'd ; to relate the manner,

Were on the quarry of those murder'd deer

To add the death of you.

Macd. Merciful heav'n !—

Mal. Noble Macduff,

Give sorrow words : The grief that does not speak,

Whispers th' o'ercharged heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too !

Rosse.

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I not with 'em!—My wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted;

Let us make med'cines of our great revenge,

To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children, nor can he feel

A father's grief—My wife and both my children!

Oh, rav'nous, hellish appetite! All three at once!

Mal. Endure it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

And were most precious to me. Did heav'n look on,

And would n't take their part? Sinful *Macduff*!

They were all struck for thee! for thee they fell,

Not for their own offences, but for thine.

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief

Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,

And braggart with my tongue.—Kind heaven,

Bring this dire fiend of *Scotland* and myself

But face to face; set him within the reach

Of my keen sword, and (if he outlive that hour)

May heav'n forgive his sins, and punish me

For his escape.—

Mal.

Mal. 'Tis well—This tune goes manly:

Come, haste we to the field, our army's ready,

Macbeth is ripe for shaking; and the pow'rs above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may,

The night is long that never finds a day. [Exeunt.]

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE *an antichamber.**Enter Doctor of physick and Lady Macbeth's gentlewoman.**Doctor.*

ALTHO' I've two nights watch'd, you see I can perceive no truth in your reports. When was it last she walk'd?

Gent. Sir, since his majesty's been gone into the field, I've seen her rise from her bed, put on her night-gown, unlock her closet, take out paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most sound sleep.

Doct. A strange perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do th' effects of watching. Pray, in this slumbry agitation (besides her walking) what at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I shall not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, not having a witness to confirm my speech.—Look, here she comes; and on my life asleep. Observe her now—Stand close, Sir.

Enter

Enter Lady Macbeth with a candle.

Doct. How came she by that light ?

Gent. It stood by her: She has one continually in her chamber, Sir.

Doct. See, see, her eyes are open !

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now ? Look, how she rubs her hands.—

Gent. That 's an accustom'd action with her; I have known her continue it for a quarter of an hour.

La. M. Yet here 's a spot.—

Doct. Hift, she speaks.—

La. M. Out—out damned spot; out, I say—One—two—nay, then 'tis time to do't.—Fy, fy, my lord, a soldier, and afraid ? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ? — Yet who 'd ha' thought th' old man had so much blood in his veins ?—

Doct. Do you mark that ?

La. M. *Macduff* had once a wife ! Where is she now ? —What, will these hands ne'er be clean ?—No more o' that, my lord ; no more o' that : You marr all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to ; I fear you 've known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not ; I 'm sure of that,

La. M. Here's the smell o' the blood still :— All the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand.— Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! Her heart is sorely charg'd. This is a disease beyond my practice far.

La. M. Go, go, wash your hands, and put on your nightgown; look not so pale ;— I tell you once again *Banquo's* buried; he can't come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

La. M. To bed; to bed my love: There's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, gi' me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone: So, so; to bed, to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady Macbeth.]

Doct. Will she go thither now?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad, which this confirms; for oft infected minds, to their deaf pillows, blab their choicest secrets: If so, more needs she a divine than a physician.—Howe'er, be careful in your attendance, and keep a watchful eye upon her.

Gent. I shall, good doctor. [Exeunt separately.]

SCENE the field. A march beat.

Enter *Rosse*, *Lenox*, *Caithness*, *Angus*, &c. with soldiers.

Rosse. The *English* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*, Whose presence now will make those hopes full blown, Which hitherto have been but in their bud.

Cath.

Caith. I pray you tell us, Sir,

Is *Malcolm's* brother *Donalbain* among 'em?

Len. For certain he is not; tho' (in my list
Of the distinguish'd officers) there's *Seyward's* son,
And many others rank'd, that ev'n but now
Avouch their prime of manhood.

Ang. What hear you of the tyrant, Sir?

Len. He's strongly fortify'd in *Dunfinane*:
Some say he's mad; others (that less do hate him)
Call it a *valiant fury*; but certain 'tis,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Then does he feel his secret murders
Working in his mind; while hourly revolts
Upbraid his guilt; and his loose ill-got title
Hangs like a giant's robe upon a puny dwarf.

Rosse. Well,—Torture rack his brain.—
Come, march we on to pay obedience where
'Tis truly ow'd.—Meet we the med'cine of this
Sickly weal, and with him pour into our
Country's purge, each drop of our best blood.

Len. Lead on then gallant *Thane*, this idle breath,
Spent in discourse, does but delay his death.

Rosse. And make us guilty of his life—Quick, let us go,
The swiftest haste is for revenge too slow. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE *the inside of Dunfinane-castle.*

Enter Macbeth and attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let 'em fly all ;
 'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunfinane*,
 I cannot taint with fear : What 's the boy *Malcolm* ?
 What are all the *English* ? Are they not born of
 Women ? and to all such I am invincible.
 —Then fly, false *Thanes* ;
 Go, mingle with the *English* epicures ;
 For your revolt has but inflam'd my rage.

Enter an officer.

How now, thou cream-fac'd lown :
 Where got'st thou that goose-look ?

Off. There are ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Off. No ; soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lilly-liver'd boy : What soldiers, patch ?
 Death of my soul ! those linnen-cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear : What soldiers, whey-face ?

Off. The *English* force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence—

[*Exit officer.*]

Seyton !— I'm sick at heart when I behold such—

Seyton, I say !—this push will either cheer me,

Or disease me ever,—No matter !

I have

I have liv'd long enough ; my way of life
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but (in their stead)
Curfes, not loud but deep ; mouth-honour ; breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, yet dare not—
Seyton.—

Enter Seyton.

Sey. Your gracious pleasure, Sir ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight 'till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Send out more horses ; scour the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear.

Enter Doctor.

Now Doctor, how does your patient ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with disturbing fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:—

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ?
• Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ?
• rase out the written troubles of the brain ?
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous load

Which

Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein, my liege, the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs ; I'll none on't—
But if thy skill could search into my kingdom,
Find her disease out,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very eccho,
That should applaud again.—What rhubarb,
Sena, or what purgative drug, can scour these
English hence ? Hear'st thou ought of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something ; they're now upon the march.

Macb. Why, let 'em come ;
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear ;
Secure to flourish, and in triumph reign,
'Till *Birnam* forest come to *Dunfinane*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *the field.* [A march beat.]

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, *young* Seyward, Rosse,
Lenox, Caithness, Angus, &c. *with soldiers.*

Macd. This sun shall see us drain the tyrant's blood,
And dry up *Scotland's* tears.

Mal. How much are we obliged to *England* !
Which (like a gen'rous neighbour) lifts us up,

When

When we were almost fall'n below recovery.

Seyw. The common tye of sov'reignty demands it;
For he, who winks
At usurpation in a monarch's throne,
Invites another to usurp his own.

Yo. Seyw. What wood is this before us?

Len. The wood of *Birnam*.

Macd. Let ev'ry soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him ; so shall we shade
The number of our host, and make discovery
Err in its report.

Rosse. Then let us bend our course tow'rds *Dunfinane*,
Where (strongly fortify'd) the tyrant sculks,
Secure in prophecies, and harden'd guilt.

Macd. Alas, he'll find but little safety there ;
His very subjects will against him rise ;
The wretched *Kernes* (now by the bonds of fear
In forc'd allegiance ty'd) will, when our swords
Have cut those bonds, start from obedience
And embrace our cause.

Mal. Come, friends, the time approaches
That will (with due decision) make us know
Both what we shall possess, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :

Tow'rds which advance the war. [Exeunt marching.]

SCENE

SCENE *the inside of Dunfinane-castle.**Enter Macbeth, Seyton and soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the *outward* walls,
 The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let 'em lye,
 'Till famine and the ague eat 'em up.
 Were they not reinforc'd by trait'rous *Thanes*,
 We might have met 'em dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat 'em backward home.—

[*A shriek heard within.*]

What noise is that?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit Seyton.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
 The time has been my senses would have cool'd
 To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
 As life were in 't; but I've sup'd full with horrors:
 Direness (familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts)
 Cannot once start me.—

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter—

There.

There *would* ha' been a time for such a word ;—
 To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow
 Creep in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last moment of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, short candle !
 Life 's but a walking shadow ; a mere player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more : It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury—
 Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue : Thy story quickly.

Mes. My gracious lord,
 I should report what I have seen, but scarce
 Know how to do it.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd tow'rds *Birnam*, and anon methought
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [*Strikes him.*]

Mes. If't be not so, let me endure your wrath :
 Within these three miles may you see it coming ;
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 On the next tree shalt thou be hang'd alive

'Till famine cling thee : If truth—
 I care not if thou dost for me as much—
 I pull in resolution ; and begin
 To doubt th' equivocation of the fiends
 That lied like truth. Arm, arm, and out !
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 Methinks I now grow weary of the sun ;
 And wish the world's great glass of life was run.
 Ring out th' alarum-bell ;—blow wind !—come wrack !
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *before Dunfinane-castle.*

*Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, young Seyward, Rosse,
 Lenox, Angus, Caithness, and soldiers with boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough : Your leafy screens throw
 down,
 And shew like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
 Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
 Lead our first battle. Brave *Macduff* and we
 Shall gladly take the guidance of the rest,
 And follow you with speed.

Seyw. Farewel, my lord ;
 The monster has forsook his hold,
 And comes to offer battle.

Macd. 'Tis welcome news—

Let us be be beaten, if we cannot fight—

Haste—make our trumpets speak ; give 'em all breath,
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Alarum sounded.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. 'Tis too ignoble, and too base to fly—
They've ty'd me to the stake, and, bear-like,
I must fight the course.
What 's he that was n't born of woman ?
Such a one am I to fear, or none—

Enter young Seyward.

How now ! What spright art thou ?

Yo. Seyw. Thy foe, thou busy tool. What is thy name ?

Macb. *Macbeth.*

Yo. Seyw. The devil himself could n't have pronounc'd
A name more hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Seyw. Thou liest abhorred tyrant : With my sword
I'll prove it.

Macb. Retire, fond youth ; I wou'd n't nip thy bud ;
Why should falcons prey on flies ?
It is below *Macbeth* to fight with boys.

Yo. Seyw. But not to murder women—
Have at thy heart.

Macb. Since thou 'rt in love with death then
I'll vouchsafe it thee. [*Fight, and young Seyward is slain.*]
Thou

Thou art of woman born, I'm sure.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. This way the noise is :—Tyrant, shew thy face ;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and childrens ghosts will haunt me still,
I heed not slaves who sell their lives for pay,
No—my revenge shall seek a nobler prey ;
Thro' all the paths of death I'll hunt him ;
Let me but find him, fortune! [*Exit. Alarum.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the *Roman* fool, and die
Upon my own sword ? While I have living foes
My wounds shew better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn !

Macb. Of all mankind I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words ;
My voice is in my sword : Thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. [*They fight a pass or two.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour ;
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :

Let

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm then;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely rip'd. —

Macb. Accursed be the tongue that tells me so! —
For it has cow'd my better part of man:
And be those juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope! — I will not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew, the gaze o' th' time.

Macb. I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet;
Nor to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though *Birnam*-wood be come to *Dunsinane*,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will brave my fate. — Lay on *Macduff*;
And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold! Enough!

[*They fight, and Macbeth falls.*]

Macd. This for my royal master *Duncan*; —
This for my dearest wife; — and this for those
Pledges of our loves, my hapless children. —

[*A shout heard, and retreat sounded.*]

Hark,

Hark, a retreat is sounded—Then the day's our own—
 I'll (as a trophy) bear away his sword
 To witness my revenge. [Exit.]

Macb. 'Tis done—The scene of life will quickly close,
 Ambition's vain delusive dreams are fled,
 And now I wake to darkness, guilt, and horror—
 I cannot bear it—Let me shake it off—
 It wo't be—My soul is clog'd with blood,
 And cannot rise—I dare not ask for mercy!—
 It is too late—Hell drags me down—I sink—
 I sink—Oh! my soul's lost for ever. [Dies.]

A flourish; then enter Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Lenox, Angus, Caithness, &c. with soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd!

Seyw. Some must go off: And yet by these I see
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
 He only liv'd but till he was a man;
 The which no sooner had his prow's confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

Seyw. Then is he dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: Your cause of sorrow
 Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Seyw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross.

Rosse. Yes, on the front.

Seyw. Why then, heav'n's foldier be he !
Had I as many fons as I have hairs,
I would n't wish 'em to a fairer death.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth's sword, which kneeling he presents to Malcolm.

Macd. Hail, King ! for so thou art.—Behold where the
usurper lyes.

And though I should n't boast, that one
(Whom guilt might easily weigh down)
Fell by my hand, yet I present you with
The tyrant's sword, to shew heav'n's justice
In allotting me such luxury of vengeance !
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That speak my salutation in their looks,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine—
Hail *Malcolm*, King of *Scotland* !

All. Hail *Malcolm*, King of *Scotland* !

Mal. We shall not make a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves;
Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls ; the first that ever *Scotland*
Saw honour'd with that title ; and may it flourish
On your families ; though (like the laurels
You have won to day) 'tis sprung from fields of blood.—
Drag hence the body, and let it hang upon

A pinnacle in *Dunfinanc*, to shew
 To future ages what to those is due,
 Who others right by lawless pow'r pursue.

Macd. Now may kind fortune crown your reign with
 peace,

As it has blest'd your army with success;
 And may your people's pray'rs still wait on you,
 As all their curses did *Macbeth* pursue:
 His vice shall make your virtue shine more bright,
 As a fair day succeeds a stormy night.

F I N I S.

HARRY ROWE,

Born in York 1726.

*Trumpeter in the Duke of Kingston's Light Horse at the
Battle of Culloden in 1746.
Forty-six Years Trumpeter to the High Sheriffs of Yorkshire and
Manager of a Company of Artificial Comedians.*



F.A. sculpsit del: & Pinx: 1798.

A MANAGER Commenced **AUTHOR.**

- "Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trump
- "The Spirit-stirring Drum, th' ear-piercing Fife,
- "The Royal Banner and all Quality,
- "Pride, Pomp and Circumstance of glorious War,
- "Farewell: Othello's occupations gone!

